

i8o *THE CASTAWAYS OF
THE FLAG*

The furniture was upset. The chairs and' tables had been thrown down, the chests opened,, the bedding thrown on the floor, the utensils into the corners. It was as if the rooms had been given over to pillage for the mere sake oi pillage. Of the stores of provisions, generally kept fully supplied at Falconhurst, not a scrap" remained. There was no hay in the loft; in the cellar the casks of wine and beer and spirits were empty. There were no weapons, except one loaded pistol which the boatswain picked up and thrust in his belt. Yet carbines and guns were always left at Falconhurst during the hunting season.

Fritz, Frank, and Jenny stood overwhelmed before this most unexpected disaster. Were things in the same state at Rock Castle and Wood Grange and Sugar-cane Grove and Prospect Hill ? Oi all the tarms, had the hermitage of Eberfurt aloitf been spared by these pillagers ? And who were the pillagers ?

" My friends," said Captain Gould, " sooui disaster has happened; but it may not be a|

serious as you fear."

No one answered. What answer
could Frits
or Frank or Jenny have given ? Their
hearts
seemed broken. They had set foot
within the Pro-
mised Land with so much joy, only to
find ruin
and desolation!